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Danger Point Light

AN ENTIRELY ORIGINAL

PROTEAN MELODRAMA

IN THREE ACTS

BY

George W Bateman



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Danger Point Light

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DANGER POINT LIGHT.

CHARACTERS:

OLD THORNTON [Old Man business]-----	}-----STAR PART.
HARRY BURLEIGH (<i>his nephew</i>)-----	
assuming disguises of	
{ TEDDY FLYNN [Irish business]-----	
{ WAITER [Neat Colored business]-----	
{ ARTHUR PURSFUL [Swell business]-----	
LAWYER RAYNHAM-----	Heavy.
BILL FORSITT-----	}-----Charac'er Heavies.
DICK COWLER-----	
OLD LERDER-----	German Comedy.
JOHNNY HARVEY-----	Low Comedy.
HARRIET THORNTON-----	Leading Lady.
TILLY LERDER-----	Soubrette.
THE COOK-----[<i>may be double l'y Lerder</i>]	Second Old Man.
JACK-----" " Johnny-----	Utility.
HOUSEKEEPER " " Tilly-----	Old Woman.
SMALL PARTS, GUESTS, ETC.	

SCENE.—New Jersey Coast.

PERIOD.—The Present Day.

DANGER POINT LIGHT.

ACT I.—THE CRIME.

SCENE I.—WOOD IN L. *Shouts for rise of Curtain. Merry farmer boys and girls cross from L., talking and laughing, and exeunt R.*

Enter JOHNNY, L.

J. Come along, Tilly; hurry up a bit, or I'll be de-g-goned if all the fun won't be over here we get there (R. C.)

Enter TILLY, slowly, L.

T. (*pettishly*) Oh, I don't think I want to go at all! (L. C.)

J. Wh-ah! don't want to go to a party at Danger Point House, when we've bin specially invited by Squire Thornton himself—and Miss Harriet a-tellin' you we *must* come? And it's his sixty eighth birthday, too!

T. Well, I don't see as his sixty-eight birthday is anything remarkable—he was sixty-seven last year; if he'd been sixty-six this, it might have been extraordinary.

J. Now, look here, Tilly, there's somebin' wrong with you; and I think you'd oughter tell a feller as loves you as much as I do.

T. No, Johnny Harvey, you don't love me a bit! If you did, I'd be all right.

J. Why, Tilly!

T. Do it tell me! What did you do the other night, when we were sitting in the garden?

J. Nothin' as offend you, I hope?

T. Well, tell me what you did, anyhow.

J. Why, I just sat and put you all up with my eyes.

T. H'm! and what did you say?

J. Why, I told you'd rather gaze on you than on the poorest chromo I ever see—and so I would.

T. Well?

J. And then I squeedged and squeedged your dear little hand, and—and maybe I put my arm round yer waist.

T. Well? was that all?

J. Why?—let me see—

T. (*huffing*) Oh, what stupid idiots some men are!—You're blind enough to be led by a dog!

J. Hold on a minute, and give a feller a chance.—Oh, I know! Why, then I—I—*kissed you!*

T. Yes; and what did you say you did that for?

J. To show you how I love you, of course.

T. There! that's just what's the matter!—H'm! I've hung behind all the others to give you a chance to show me you love me as much to-day (*sabbling*) and—and—you—don't—show—your—love—at—all—too—bad! I shall go right straight back home again (*going L.*)

J. Heavens! is that all? Here, hold up a minute, ducky. (*Puts arm around her and kisses her numerously*)

T. There, that'll do! (*twisting her mouth and crossing R.*) I guess we'll go to the party now.

J. (*following her*) Say, Tilly!

T. (*at R. E.*) Well?

J. Ain't it your turn to show how you love me now?

T. Johnny! behave yourself, sir!

[*Exeunt R.*]

Enter RAYNHAM, L., walks back and forth.

R. Pah! It's sickening to any one with an ounce of sense! An old doter! like Thornton, unable to make a better use of his money than in junketing with hawseeds on his birthday; while I, the man of business, who look after the old fool's interests, haven't enough to pay a trifling bill which falls due on this happy day.

If I could only get that new will, and destroy it! (*looking L.*) Ha! here comes my fine lady. I'll settle with *her* some day. I'm in no mood to meet *her* now. I'll hide till she passes. (*goes behind tormintor L.*)

Enter HARRIET, L.

H. Ah, here's the place. No more appropriate spot could be found, in which to glance over poor Harry's newly arrived letter, than here where we need to walk together. There will be no opportunity up at the house to-day. (*opens letter*) "My darling!" Ah, yes; I know I am. *Dear Harry!* (*kisses letter and reads.*)

R. (*aside*) This may be fortunate; if I can find out what he says.

H. What? Is it possible? "I hope to pop in and surprise you all very soon,"—and lightful!—"as I have almost succeeded in the task I imposed on myself." Of course he'll succeed. (*reads.*)

R. (*aside*) So! the whelp's coming back, is he? Then something must be done at once.

H. Ha, ha! you rogue, you! "My dear friend Raynham will, doubtless, be delighted to hear of my approaching return." (*reads.*)

R. (*aside*) What, certainly; I'll prepare him a warm reception. (*looking L.*) Why, what are these up to?

Enter BILL and DICK, cautiously. L. DICK stands behind HARRIET, C. BILL comes to her side, L. C.

B. Beg pardon, miss.

H. (*concealing letter and turning quickly*) Sir!

B. I'm a bit of a stranger about here, you see; and I'd be much obliged if you'd direct me to the nearest house, mum.

H. There is one about half a mile along this path. (*pointing R.*)

B. Oh, mercy! Half a mile? Is that the nearest?

H. Yes.

B. I'm so tired, I'm afraid I'd never get so far to-day. Would it be troubling ye too much to a kye for the time, missis?

H. Not at all. (*produces watch*) I is—

B. (*snatching watch*) Her, give it to me, w'll you? I'll carry this for you, and then I won't have to bother people for the hour.

H. Give me back my watch, you villain!

B. Ah, what do you take me for? You must be crazy, my poote creetur, to ask sech ridic'us favo's. If you want to know the time, you can find out at the nearest house—about half a mile along this here path.—Hold on a bit, though: Do you happen to have your pocket-book handy, to bestow a trifle on a poor but deservin' wanderer?

H. (*putting right hand in pocket*) You dishonest ruffian, you are not entitled to any assistance from me; but, as I always travel prepared for emergencies—TAKE THIS! (*produces revolver*)

D. (*springing to R. and seizing revolver*) I'll take that! Sorry to appear abrupt, my beauty, but we always travel prepared for emergencies also.

B. & D. Ha, ha, ha!

R. (*aside*) I know them now. More good luck.

H. You wretched cowards! you have rendered me defenceless; but I am not afraid of such pitiful hounds as hunt in couples to attack one weak girl!

D. Thunder, gal, you're 'cor girl! but I must acknowledge, as a particular favor, that you'll please to draw it kind, o' mild. Not as I cares, mys'lf, for any amount of hard word from the gent's side—'cause I've been married, ye see—but my pud'n'r, there, is a very sensitive critcher, and it sort o' goes agin' the grain with him to be called nam's for jest's mys'lf borryin' the time o' day—

B. Oh! these ver patter, Dick, and let's finish this business.

H. I think you *have* finished, you skulking cowards!

D. J myn' Christmas! Did it advise ye to draw it mild? My pardner and me's two inoffensible christen gentlemen, as never means no harm to nobody; so we wint's on to hand over ver wor-mowner good natured, like, and spare us a-hurtin' our d likit fer'n's takin' it from you.

H. I will not, willingly, give you one cent.

B. (*seizing her*) Go for her pockets, Dick; I guess the folks at the nearest house won't interfere. [*Dick searches for purse*]

R. (*aside*) This will help me entirely. It's needless for me to interfere.

Dick produces purse. Bill releases her, takes it and goes L.

D. (*stepping back*) Oh, thanks, pooty cr'cher, for your generousness! Pray allow me to wish you a very good evenin'. (*points R. bowing*)

H. (*going R*) You miserable cuss! I will try to remember you, if ever I see you again. [*Exit R.*]

B. You're welc me to the last word, now we've got your last cent. (*stands L. C. examining purse*)

D. (*looking off R, revolver in left hand behind him*) Give our regrets at the half-mile house; we won't be able to call there this eve. (*stands laughing*.)

RAYNHAM crosses down quickly, revolver in left hand, seizes DICK'S revolver with right and stands C. pointing a weapon at each.

D. (*instantly*) S-y!—

BILL and DICK turn and confront RAYNHAM.

B. The devil! Who are you?

D. Hanged if you ha'n't took my best bower, Cap., and won the trick.

R. Yes; I've caught you very nice y, haven't I? In the very act of highway robbery with violence!

D. Here, ease up a little, major, and let's reason with you a bit—

R. Come, come; you'll waste your time reasoning with *me*, Dick Cowler, or you either, Bill Forsitt.

B. Who are you calling Bill Forsitt?

D. Guess you've kind o' got us mixed up with some o' yer other gentleman friends, ha'n't ye, colonel?

R. No, I haven't got you mixed up, exactly; I have you at a respectable—and respectful—distance.

B. But, look here—

R. Listen to me a moment. Do you remember a little misfortune that occurred to you two out west a few years ago and the lawyer who got you cleared, though he knew you were guilty, for the sake of practice?

B. Lawyer Raynham!

R. Ex-act-y.

D. Why, hang me if we ha'n't repaid you a hundred times over with grat'food!

R. H'm! very kind; but now I require more substantial payment.

D. Hand him over the tickle, Bill, and don't let's have no fuss about it.

B. Well, but—

R. Pshaw! Keep your tongues still, and your ears open, till I get through. I have some very important business on hand just now, and you two have turned up in the very nick of time to assist me. The work I require of you is strictly in your peculiar line, and you will either undertake it or go with me immediately before a magistrate and account for your possession of that lady's property. (*takes stage L*) Now, I know each of you too well to overtax your bravery, so—to convince you that the task is within your limited capacity and courage—I will explain that all you have to do is to step through an open window, take up a small package, and walk out.

D. Gosh! two on us oughter be able to get away with a job like that!

B. But what do we get for it, eh?

R. More than you could ever expect for so simple a service. I will give you two hundred dollars between you within twelve hours after you have performed your task, and something better later.

D. Eh? That's sort o' enticin'.

B. Yes, that sounds pooto temptin'; but I'd lik to know what the risk is for.

R. I will ease your minds. (*comes C*) Briefly, then, the girl you have just robbed is the adopted daughter of an old simpleton who owns a big place up there (*R*), and more besides. He has no relations except a good-for-nothing nephew, and it is to fool him I am working. While attending to old Thornton's interests I never lose sight of my own.

D. You ha'n't no occasion to tell us that, lawyer.

R. As our fine nephew, Harry Burleigh, was getting too smart for me, I worked things so, that one day the old man gave his nephew a most severe lecture and ordered him out of his sight. My young emperor gets highly indignant at this, and packs off immediately, declaring he will never enter the old boy's presence again till he has earned a position by his own exertions. He's off now, somewhere, earning a position in the rogue's gallery, I suspect. The old fellow was so sore over the boy's ingratitude, as he called it, that he immediately made a will, leaving two-thirds of his property to that girl, and the other third to me for acting as her sole guardian till she is twenty-one.

D. Bully for you, lawyer; 'pears to me you holds the trumps every time, and knows jest when to play 'em.

B. Trumps, my eye! Some people's allus lucky.

R. (*acing*.) Lucky? Fool! do you think I didn't have to work hard for all this? (*C*) Let me finish. This girl, Harriet, being madly in love with her sweet cousin, of course worked on the old man, and to such a degree that he has, this week, make a new will, dividing everything between those two and leaving me a paltry trifle. (*acing*)

D. Blamed old mutton-head!

B. Is the new will in the package you mentioned?

R. It is. Meet me near the back of the big house on the hill, in an hour, and I will give you your final instructions. (*going R.*) One thing more; Old Thornton is building a lighthouse. When it is handed over to the authorities, my influence can make you its keepers. If you fail me, you're lost (*at R.*)

D. But say, lawyer, if we stay here for the lighthouse job, her nibs 'll spot us!

R. Stuff! Use some of her money to buy a cake of soap. If you apply it regularly, you won't even recognise each other! Be punctual. [*Exit R.*]

B. Well, this is a queer go; what do you think on it, Dick?

D. Blamed if I know what to think, Bill; what do you say?

B. Are we going to do the job?

D. Well, I should grin. Two hundred dollars and a lighthouse! We're settled for life.

B. Yes, but recollect he ha'n't got no principle, and he knows how to keep his self clear o' the law.

D. That's so, but—By Jo, pard, I've hit it! We'll jest freeze onto that there packet, and let on as we had to destroy it.

B. Then he won't give us nothin'!

D. Oh yes he will. We'll be his bosses arter to-night.

B. Dick, you're a genius! You're a durn sight too ready wi' yer tongue, times, but yer smart when it comes to business. (*going L.*) Come on; I suppose we'll have to waste some money on that soap. [*Exit L.*]

D. (*following*) Lighthouse keepers, eh? Lawyer keepers too, I guess. [*Exit L.*]

DRAW OFF.

SCENE II.—INTERIOR OF THORNTON'S DRAWING ROOM; *Full Stage.* Handsome chamber, boxed. Centre door. Doors R. and L. U. E. Window (practicable) L. 2. Bureau, with drawers, against C. of L. flat. Handsome furniture. A table R. 2. Lamps lighted. Evening party of farmers and villagers. At rise of curtain, dance in progress.

HARRIET sitting, looking on, down L. TILLY and JOHNNY danging, then come down R

T. Well, I guess it's time to be going.

H. Don't hurry off, friends; Mr. Thornton will return in a moment.

J. I propose—

T. Johnny! behave yourself, sir! Propose, indeed—(*aside*) this isn't a barroom OMNES. Here's Mr. Thornton.

Enter THORNTON, C. D. Comes down C.

TH. Here, how's this, friends? What, are you all tired? You mustn't all bundle off in a hurry, just because friend Jones and his wife had to leave us. You've not all got families waiting at home—though I hope you will, some day.

J. (*aside to T.*) D'ye hear that, Tilly?

T. Johnny! behave yourself, sir! (*to TH.*)* You sing us one of your old songs, sir, and then we must go.

TH. Certainly I will; anything to please you all.

OLD MAN, SPECIALTIES.

General movement preparatory to leave-taking.

TH. Well, well, the best of friends must part. Good night, all.

Hand shaking and departure of guests, L. U. door. HARRIET accompanies TILLY to door; kisses her.

J. Me too?

T. Johnny! behave yourself, sir! [*Exeunt T. and J.*

H. (*comes down L. C.*) Now, good night, dear papa; don't stay up long.

TH. (*takes her up L.*) No, my darling, only a few moments. (*at R. U. door*) Good night; God bless my child! [*Exit HARRIET, R. U.*

TH. (*turning out lights except lamp on R. table*) I suppose it's natural one should feel doubly anxious for the success of an act of justice tardily done. I shall not feel safe about that will till Raynham places it in security to-morrow. I wish he'd come, and let me get to bed. (*opens L. window. Moonlight.*) How I hope I may live long enough to see a beam, bright as this moonlight, shining out over the sea, like a ray of hope for all—good and evil—on the ocean of life, from my pet project, Danger Point Light! (*Partly closes window. Goes to R. table, sits. Takes roll of greenbacks from pocket, runs them over and places them on table.*) Ah, that's Raynham, I hope. (*goes up L. Knocking at L. U. door. He goes out and returns*) Come in, Raynham, come in.

Enter RAYNHAM, L. U. E.

R. Good evening, sir. (*coming down L. C.*)

TH. (*coming down R. C.*) My dear friend, good evening. I'm sorry you were not at our little party. (*sits at R. table*) Sit down.

R. (*sitting L. C.*) I regret having lost the pleasure, sir, but I was busy at the lighthouse works and other matters.

TH. Yes, I know you work too hard. But what business have we on hand now? I want to go to bed.

R. There is nothing that needs detain you, sir.

TH. I'm glad of it.—By the way, Raynham, there's that will; I sha'n't rest comfortably till that's properly settled.

R. I'll attend to it the first thing in the morning, sir. (*rises, takes chair L.*) Is everything secure? I'll fasten this window. (*arranges window.*)

TH. (*bus. at table*) Do, please; I forgot it.

R. (*going up L.*) Now, good night, sir, and many happy returns of the day.

TH. (*rises, goes up*) Thanks, Raynham; good night.

Exit RAYNHAM, L. U. door, followed by THORNTON. A door slams. A chain rattles. Re-enter THORNTON.

TH. (*coming down to table R.*) Dear, how tired I am! (*takes lamp, goes up C.*) I'm glad to-morrow will see my mind at rest—no one knows what might happen.

Dark Strge. Window pushed cautiously open. Moonlight. [*Exit C.*

BILL and DICK peer in.

D. All hunk.

B. Well, in we go—and keep your mouth shut.

D. (*enters and crosses to table*) Come here, pard. (*takes greenbacks.*)

B. (*enter, stands near window*) That a'n't the way. To the right, he said.

D. Yes, but focus yer eyes on these elegant chromos! (*crosses to BILL*)

* The part of OLD THORNTON may be doubled by LERDER, when the specialties can be omitted and the following line substituted for those within indices:

We really must be going, sir.

Then go on, as in text.

B. Focus yer tongue, idiot. (*takes money, pockets it*) Here, give 'em to me, and attend to business. (*They go up to bureau.*)

B. Second drawer—red pocket-book—Ah, here it is!

D. Let's make sure it's all right afore we go. (*They stand up L. C., backs to C. door, intent on book.*)

Enter THORNTON, C. door.

TH. I'll take it up-stairs. (*sees them*) Hullo! who are you? Help! Thieves!

Struggle. *They pass him and get near window. Enter HARRIET, with pistol. Runs to THORNTON, who stands up L. C. in moonlight. Exit DICK through window.*

BILL at window. HARRIET fires. BILL turns, fires, exit. THORNTON staggers down C. and falls. HARRIET kneels and raises his head.

H. Father! father!

TH. Too late! Poor boy—— (*dies.*) HARRIET'S head sinks.

SLOW CURTAIN.

AN INTERVAL OF ONE YEAR BETWEEN ACTS I. AND II.

ACT II.—THE PURSUIT.

SCENE II.—GARDEN OF DANGER POINT HOUSE. *Garden flats in 2 Arbor, with small table and chair, to work off at change, across L. 2 E.*

RAYNHAM discovered, seated at R. of table, with letter.

R. Oh, yes; the importunate creditor of a year ago is the "My dear friend" of to-day. Everything depends on position. (*reading*) "My dear friend: As my son Arthur will, in about a week from now, visit the east, where he is entirely unacquainted, I write in advance, asking you to show him the same friendship and hospitality I am sure you would readily offer Yours, very truly, W. PURSUL." H'm! there's no choice—I'll have to welcome him. Those two villains have been so extravagant that I may soon have to draw on William Pursful again. Well, it shall all come out of Harriet's money—and I'll have to invent some reason for her. Here she comes now. I'll broach the subject at once

Enter HARRIET, slowly, R 1. RAYNHAM advances to meet her.

R. Good morning, my dear Miss Thornton.

H. (*bowing distantly*) What commands have you for me this morning, Mr. Raynham?

R. Commands, my dear young lady! This is unkind in the adopted daughter of my lamented friend.

H. Mr. Raynham, you scarcely contrived this meeting for the purpose of talking sentiment, or to indulge in contrasting me with my murdered benefactor. If you did, the time was exceedingly ill chosen, on this, the anniversary of that awful day when he poured out his life-blood in my poor arms! (*covers her face and weeps*)

R. Miss Thornton, I pity you sincerely, and have no doubt your grief is almost as great as if he had indeed been your father.

H. (*aroused*) He was my father, in all that paternal solicitude and kindness could do.—And now, enough of this. What is your business?

R. Well, Harriet, if my heartfelt sympathy only irritates you, I am done. (*walks L.*) I wished to consult you on business scarcely suited to this day, but of a most urgent character.

H. Then tell me your wishes in as few words as possible, and omit this affectation of consulting me.

R. As you please. (*sits, tapping fingers on table*) Well, then, the painful fact is, that Mr. Thornton was not so well off as was supposed.—In short, he left scarcely anything unincumbered.

H. Well, sir?

R. Well!—don't you see, my young friend, that this indicates we may soon be penniless?

H. (*advancing*) This is, indeed, unexpected; and I fear his indulgence of *me* may have been the cause. But I do not fear poverty—I have experienced it.

R. Yes; but you were a child then. You have been accustomed, for years, to a life of ease. You would find the change back again very different.

H. That may be true; but why dwell on the inevitable?

R. (*coming down*) Because I have a plan for surmounting these difficulties.

H. Well, sir? Proceed.

R. Briefly, then: Before the shocking death of Mr. Thornton, both he and myself were under great business obligations to a western gentleman. I have a letter from him announcing a visit shortly from his son. In view of future necessity it would be politic to show this Arthur Pursful every consideration.

H. Mr. Raynham, I can be of no assistance in this matter. To work out schemes like this would be harder to me than to face poverty. (*crosses*) I can only say that the son of my father's friend shall not find my welcome wanting.

R. That is amply satisfactory.

H. I suppose it is useless to ask if you have heard yet of my poor cousin Harry?

R. Indeed I have not—nor do I expect to. (*lightly*) No doubt he has gained the high position he sought, and forgets old friends and—

H. (*stamping*) How dare you, sir? I cannot compel your silence, but I can refuse to listen to your sneers. (*going L.*) I leave you, sir, doubting if you ever made so good a resolution as that of my poor Harry. [*Exit L.*]

R. That's settled; my little fiction was a success. (*sits*) Now, let me see: There must be a party, and—

Enter a Man Servant, R. 2.

R. Well?

M. The two lighthouse keepers wish to see you, sir.

R. I am very busy now, and—

BILL and DICK stroll on R. 2. DICK lounges against R. wing. BILL stands L. of him

D. That's all right, 'squire; we won't detain you long. (*to Men*) You may skip, sonny.

R. William, have my horse ready in half an hour.

M. Yes, sir.

[*Exit Man, R. 2*]

R. You infernal idiots! Have you lost what little sense you ever had?—

B. Here—if you want to start off with hard words, *we* can—

D. Now, gentlemen! gentlemen! Let *me* settle this here little discussion, afore it goes too far. Squire, what's the trouble, anyhow?

R. Trouble, fools! Are you not satisfied to have escaped, so far, the consequences of the *accident* of a year ago, but you must arouse suspicion in the mind of that servant by your free and easy behavior in this place?

D. (*to RAYN.*) Well—how do you feel yourself, pardner, about that lucky escape?

B. Yes; how does a whole year's security strike the head o' the firm o' Raynham, Forsitt and Cowler?

R. (*rising*) Insolent vagabonds!—

B. (*advancing a step*) Ah, sit down! What's the matter with yer?

D. Now, look here, Raynie, old boy; what's the use of you a-carryin' on like this here? Your safety depends on *ours*, and there's two of *us* to one of *you*; so let's get down to business, and stop foolin'.

R. (*sits*) Business! The old business, I suppose—money.

D. Look at that, Bill! Didn't I tell you he was a smart 'un? You've guessed right the first time.

R. Well, I have no money for you. I kept my word with you about the \$200 and the lighthouse, although you did not deliver me the pocket-book—your natural cowardice prompting you to destroy it—but nothing satisfies you.

D. Well, but—

B. See here; let *me* have a say. Me and Dick's settled this here thing long ago, Raynham, and there a'n't no use o' argyin'. We're all three in one boat, and we all has equal rights to the profits. We distinctly told you, in the first place, as we didn't want to go into the business, but you forced us into it; and though us two

thought it best to let you play the gentleman here, we means to have our share of the plunder. Am I right, Dick?

D. Right? Well, I should coincide!

R. Bah! A fig for your idle threats. How much do you want this time?

B. Fifty dollars; and not a cent less.

R. Fifty dollars!

D. You see, 'squire, there's a big harvest spree down at the village, and we want to be flush.

R. Indeed? Well, all I can spare to-day is twenty dollars; and there they are.

B. (*takes money*) Well, we want the balance to-morrow, and no excuses.

D. Come on, Bill; (*going R. 2*) let's hurry pown to Lerder's. [*BILL follows*]

Enter HARRIET, L. 1—sees them—stops.

R. (*seeing her, rises and follows them*) And be very careful to keep a good look out

D. (*seeing her*) That we will, sir. My pardner an' me's two kind christian gentlemen, as ailius does our dooty. Good day, 'squire. [*Ezeunt B. and D., R. 2*]

HARRIET advances quickly toward R. 2. RAYNHAM confronts her.

H. (*excited*) Stay! stay! Who are those men? Call them back.

R. Why, what's the matter, Miss Thornton?

H. Call those men back, sir, or let me pass.

R. Really, you surprise me! Those gentlemen called to see me, on business.

H. Business! with them!

R. Certainly. What do you want of them.

H. I suspect them of having robbed me and killed my benefactor!

R. Ha, ha! This is too ridiculous!

H. Then why prevent my following them?

R. Because, as your guardian, I wish to prevent your making an absurd exhibition of yourself.

H. (*attempts to pass*) Stand aside, I say; I will pass.

RAYNHAM catches her by right arm and pushes her violently toward R. C., where she falls on her knees, he still holding her wrist.

R. Come, come, my high flying charity girl; if you can't be checked by gentle means, I must try force.

H. Oh, why was I not killed also?;

Enter HARRY—as TEDDY FLYNN—quickly, R. 1.

HAR. Hillo, hillo, here! (*seizes RAYN. and jerks him to R.; standing between him and HARRIET—who rises and runs off R. unperceived.*) Come out o' that, ye villain, ye! and lave the poor girrl alone.

R. What do you mean, you impudent scoundrel? How dare you intrude—

HAR. Go on, now, or I'll brain ye!

R. (*going R.*) You shall repent this within ten minutes, my man. [*Exit R. 1*]

HAR. And now, darlint—(*turns around—natural voice*) What? Confound the luck! After all my trouble, I've only succeeded in scaring poor, dear Harriet away and half choking that wretch Raynham. Well, there's some consolation in the knowledge that he deserved his part of the picnic. Poor Harriet! It's evident I have not arrived too soon. Luckily, they did not recognise me. (*looks R.*) Here he comes, with assistance. I'll frighten him a little. (*L. C.*)

Enter RAYNHAM, followed by Two Men, R. 1

R. (*R. C.*) There is your man.

HAR. See here, Misther Raynham, there's nothin' I'd loike betther, just now, than to take a smack at your whole gang—yerself included, wid yer honor's lave; but I'm thinkin' the governor 'ud object to it, and feel sorry I didn't lave him to settle wid ye for the way ye're thratin' me.

R. Governor, indeed! Who are you talking about?

HAR. You'll know soon enough, faith, whin Misther Arthur Pursful comes to tache ye the way to trate his confidintial man, Teddy Flynn, so you will.

R. (*surprised*) Mr. Pursful! Did you come from him?

HAR. Throth, I did; and I'm going back to him now. (*going L.*)

R. One moment, please; there is some mistake. (*to men*) You may go [*men exit R*]

R. Why didn't you tell me this before?

HAR. Why didn't ye ax me, instead of thyrin' to put me in jail?

R. My good fellow how could I know it was Mr. Pursful's man who so nearly shook my breath away?

HAR. Well, why were you ill-threatin' the young lady?

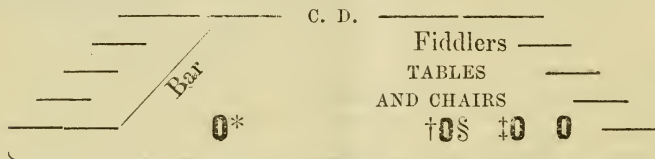
R. Ha, ha, ha! Why, my dear fellow, we were rehearsing some little private theatricals for Mr. Pursful's entertainment next week. Come in the house (*points R*) and I'll explain it all and hear your message.

HAR. No, thank ye; I'll not put a fut in that house, nor spake another wurd to ye, till Misther Pursful comes. (*going L.*) I'm goin' to stay in the village, away from your wicked play-actin' rehearsals, as you call 'em. [*Exit L.*]

R. But, I say—look here, my friend— [follows him off.]

DRAW OFF.

SCENE II.—LERDER'S PUBLIC ROOM; *Full Stage.*



*Villagers, male and female, seated at tables, laughing, playing cards, etc. Table with mark * empty. LERDER behind bar. JOHNNY waiter.*

BILL (*seated at †*) Say, I wonder if we can't give the old man a stand off?

DICK (*seated at ‡*) What for? We've got the sug., ha'n't we?

B. Well, I know; but bang me if it don't go ag'in me to pay for anytnin' when I can get it on tick.

D. Well, that's so, too; let's try it. (*knocking and calling*) Johnny! Oh, Johnny!

J. (*up R.*) Coming! coming!

JOHNNY comes to table.

J. Well, gents, what shall it be?

D. Say, Johnny, fill 'em up ag'in, and stick it on the wall for a few hours.

J. Can't do it. We've just run out of chalk, and the old man won't buy any.

B. The diggin's he won't! I guess our names is good at most places; eh, Dick? Man (*at next table L.*) Oh, Johnny! [*Three people at this table.*]

J. Coming. (*about to go*)

D. Say! are you going to set 'em up?

J. You'll have to tackle the boss. (*goes to next table*)

BILL looks at DICK, then slowly rises and crosses to lower end of bar.

J. (*crosses to upper part of bar calling*) Zwei lager und ein bretzel!

BILL leans on table, waiting. JOHNNY takes things to table. BILL and LERDER pantomime conversation.

J. (*at table*) Your half dollar, sir? Let's see: two beers, twenty cents; bretzel five cents; that's thirty cents; ten cents change. Thank you, sir.

LER. (*to BILL*) Schmart poy, iss dot Shonny; undt don'd you git ofer id!

B. Yes, but—I say— (*converse*)

D. (*to man at ‡ next table*) I tell you Jimmy the Duffer can chew his ear off inside o' ten minutes.

Man. Pshaw! You don't know what you're talking about.

D. I don't, eh? (*emphatically*) Why, blame me, he'd conquer him and eight more!

L. Chentlemins, ve don'd allow no dispuades about bolidigs mit de 'ouse to-day.

D. Politics be blowed! We was a-talkin' about a dog fight.

L. Vell, I heerd you say ass Blaine would lick Conklin in eighty-four, and dey vass bolidigs, I guess; vhad?

D. Get out, you thick headed Dutchman! I said: Blame me, he'd conquer him and eight more.

L. Vell, dot iss vhad I say! Ve don'd vand some Blainey undt Conklin in eighty-four to-day.

B. Well, what do you say, Lerder?

L. I tell you vhad, Mr. Four-seats; you undt your freund, Mr. Deeks, sing some-dicks to amuse de gombany, undt I dingks him ofer.

B. Sing be banged! (*crossing*)

Omnes. Yes, yes; give us a song. Go it, Lights, etc.

D. Blowed if we don't do it, pard.

B. Well, come on; we'll have to make fools of ourselves, I suppose.

BILL and DICK SING. Applause. They sit. JOHNNY brings them drinks.

L. Now, ladies undt chentlemins, keeb id coo! keeb id oop! Vhad negst? I prings mine Tilly in poody~soon, to sing some dingks.

Singing heard outside, C.

D. Hullo! Who's that?

Omnes. Come in! Come in!

Enter HARRY—as TEDDY FLYNN—C. D.

HAR. Good day to yez, ladies an' jintlemin. Good day, lan'lord.

L. Goot day mit yourself, sir.

HAR. Fwat's goin' on here?

L. Oh, shoost a leedle vhad you call "merry ole dime." End of harvest, you see.

HAR. Oh; that's it, is it? Well, I'd loike to take a hand at the fun myself, so I would.

L. You vass a Irishman, eh?

HAR. Was I? Sure I'm wan yet.

L. Vell, mine vife vass one, too.

HAR. She was one, two, eh? And were you three, four, or nothin' at all?

L. Nein.

HAR. Nine! Holy poker!

L. I vass a Cherman; but mine vife, vhad iss dett, she come from Clonakakility—her name vass Son-of-a-gun; you might know her?

HAR. No, I did not. I come from Carrick-ma-Clannery.

L. Vell, she tole me Irishmens vass always full of singin' undt dancin' undt—

HAR. Whiskey—yiss, and so they are, fwthiniver they can get it.

L. Vell, auf you sing for the gombany I dringks mit you.

H. All right! Shthrike up!

IRISH SPECIALTIES.

After, Enter TILLY, R. 1, goes up a little, looking at HAR.

HAR. (*indicates T.*) And who's the purty colleen yonther? I wance knew a nate liddle gurrul, and if she was aloive now she'd be almost as charmin' as she is.

J. (*approaching him L.*) Say, my friend, you're welcome to make yourself free, but no remarks about the ladies, please.

T. Johnny! behave yourself, sir!

HAR. See here, avick. (*whispers to J.*)

J. (*astonished*) Eh?

HAR. There, be aisy a whole—I want to hear the colleen sing.

L. Ya, dot iss mine dochter. I tell you, she iss a—a—himmel! vhad you call dot sewin' misheen?

HAR. A Domestic, perhaps?

L. Nein.—A—Singer! Ya, she voss a singer.

Omnes. Sing, Tilly, etc.

HARRY sits at *

TILLY SINGS.

Note.—General SpECIALty Bill in this scene, according to abilities of company; JOHNNY, LERDER, etc.

D. Well, this lays over the spree up at Thornton's a year ago.

J. Yes; and nothin' unpleasant likely to follow.

B. Not unless some 'un was to go for old Lerder, there, to-night. (*laugh*)

L. Ach! dundher! Mr. Pill, don'd you talk dot vays!

HAR. Excuse me; is it the big house on the hill ye're talkin' about?

D. You've struck it, Mick.

HAR. Sure, I was up there a while ago, and the boss of the place came near havin' me arrested.

B. What for?

HAR. Faith, only for givin' him a bit o' my mind.

D. Ha, ha! I'd like to see him arrest *us*, for givin' him the *whole* of our minds, eh, Rill?

B. Cheese it, you chatterin' fool; yer drunk. (*to HAR.*) Did you see my lady?

HAR. If ye mane a sweet, purty young woman, I did.

B. Sweet, pooty gran'mother! She's a good-for-nothin', pauperous—

HAR. (*jumps up and seizes him by the throat*) Say another wurd, ye blaiyard, an' I'll brain ye!

D. Now, look here, gentlemen; let *me* settle this little misanderstandin'

B. Misanderstandin', the devil! Le'go my neck, you're chokin' o' me. I didn't say nothin' ag'in *you*.

HAR. (*releases him*) That's all right—I'm a fool for interferin'; but, ladies and jintlemin, I can't sit still and hear a woman spoken ill of behind her back. (*cheers*)

As HAR. crosses up R. C. JOHNNY comes to him. (*Company play cards, etc.*)

J. Say, my friend, I'd like to have a little explanation with you.

HAR. Have ye only little private room convaynient?

J. Yes; come this way.

As they come down taward L., CLOSE IN; and they enter directly as indicated.

SCENE III.—Plain Interior in 1. Door L. in flat.

Enter HAR. and J., D. L.

J. Now, then; why did you whisper me, "If you're a friend of Harriet Thornton, keep still"? (*L. C.*)

HAR. Well, you see, I've come here to thry and warn her agen her good-for-nothin' runaway lover. (*R. C.*)

J. Are you talkin' about Mr. Harry Burleigh?

HAR. Throth, I am; the vill'in!

J. Well, then, let me tell you you've struck the wrong party. I a'n't very much on the fight, but I can do my best to lick any man that says a word ag'in *him*.

HAR. Pshaw! I know him better than you do, and I say he's no account.

J. And I say he's a gentleman, and I know him well.

HAR. Why, I don't believe you'd know him if you saw him.

J. (*turn L.*) Oh, come; you're crazy! You'd best go to Washington.

H. (*pulls off wig, etc.—natural voice*) Johnny! behave yourself, sir!

J. (*turns quickly*) Eh? What? Mr. Harry! Well, well! (*grasps HARRY'S hand and shakes like everything.*)

HAR. Come, Johnny, my boy, don't lose your head, or I fear *you'll* have to go to Washington.

J. Oh, but you don't know!

HAR. Don't I? Then tell me.

J. Why, Tilly, you know—won't marry till Miss Harriet is happy—now you've come back—everything lovely!

HAR. Yes, but there's lots to do yet.

J. Oh, that's all right, now you're here. But how you did disguise yourself!

HAR. Well, you know I was always doing such things in the old days, and since I've been away I have made some success as an actor. I think this experience will aid me considerably just now. But who are those two men with whom I had that little fuss?

J. They are the lighthouse keepers.

HAR. Indeed! And what do they know of Miss Thornton and Raynham?

J. I only know that Mr. Raynham got them the job.

HAR. H'm! (*suddenly*) Johnny, what sort of a night do you think it will be?

J. I'm afraid there'll be a storm.

HAR. Afraid, eh?—Speaking of Tilly—do you know she's a remarkably smart girl, Johnny?

J. You bet she is! I know it!

HAR. Why, she recognised me before she'd been in the room five minutes.

J. No!

HAR. She did, though. So I think you had best go in there again; before those men suspect anything, and send Tilly to me; will you?

J. Certainly. (*going to D. L.*) Well, she is a smart one!

[*Exit.*]

HAR. They say a woman can't keep a secret; now, I believe she *can*—especially if it affects herself. So I must caution Tilly against any premature disclosures.

Enter TILLY, D. L.

T. Where is he? Oh, Mr. Burleigh, I was sure it was you!

HAR. Yes, yes; I know you were—but don't let any one hear you.

T. Why, is it a secret? Oh, how jolly!

HAR. Yes, Tilly, it is a secret; and I want you to vindicate your sex by keeping it.

T. That I will! But what does it all mean, sir?

HAR. That I have disguised myself to find my uncle's murderers and to get Miss Thornton her rights.

T. That's just like you, Mr. Burleigh. Can't I assist you?

HAR. That you certainly can. Do you see Miss Thornton often?

T. Yes, indeed; she goes nowhere, and I often go up to sew for her and cheer her up a bit.

HAR. Very well, then; you shall take her a message. I depend on your good sense to manage properly.

T. You may, sir. What is the message?

HAR. I would like you to see Miss Thornton as soon as possible and tell her that the Irishman who protected her this morning gave you this note for her. (*giving note*) Will you do this?

T. (*takes note*) Gladly, sir.

HAR. In order that you may assist us still more, I will tell you that it is an urgent request to be present at the reception of Arthur Pursful, when she will hear great news of Harry Burleigh; and I want you to use all your power of persuasion to induce her to be there.

T. She shall be there if words can influence her. I'll go and see her this very evening.

HAR. Thank you, Tilly. Now I must leave you. (*going R.*) I left my things at the station, so I'll cut across the fields. I don't know how soon I shall return, but I depend on you and Johnny. Good bye. [*Exit R.*]

T. (*R. C.*) Good luck. Hi, hi, hi! Oh, my! isn't this lovely! Mr. Burleigh's what I call a sensible man; he's confided his secret to me, and thus saved me the trouble of running around to find it out—and, perhaps, doing more harm than any thing else during my search. I must be off to Miss Harriet at once.—But stay! I wonder what he said to Johnny? I must find that out before I go. (*goes to D. L., opens it a little and calls*) Johnny! Johnny! (*goes R. C.*)

Enter JOHNNY, D. L.

J. Well? what is it, duckie? Why, where's Mr.—

T. Hush! The Irish gentleman has gone to the station, for his valise.

J. Oh, he has, eh? My stars, Tilly, you're a smart 'un! Give us a kiss.

T. Johnny! behave yourself, sir!

J. Oh, well—all right. But how did you find him out?

T. H'm! I always recognise a handsome gentleman, when I've once seen him.

J. Ah! Then it would be no use for me to disguise myself.

T. (*cross*) Not a bit; I'd never know you.

J. Eh? Er—a—I didn't exactly mean it that way.

T. Oh, didn't you? Then why don't you try and say things the way you *do* mean them?

J. Now, Tilly, what's the use in pickin' a feller up so?—I know you're smarter than me. But a'n't this great news?

T. (*quietly*) What?

J. Caesar! What? Why, Mr. Harry's coming back means that we'll soon get spliced, don't it?

T. Oh, there's plenty of time to talk about that.

J. Is there, though?

T. Yes: so now tell me what Mr. Burleigh said to you.

J. My dear, I'd like to, but it's a long story, and I'm busy.

T. Well, why are you staying here? Why don't you go and attend to business?

J. Well, I'm going—but, Tilly, do give me a leetle kiss, won't you?

T. No, sir, I will not.

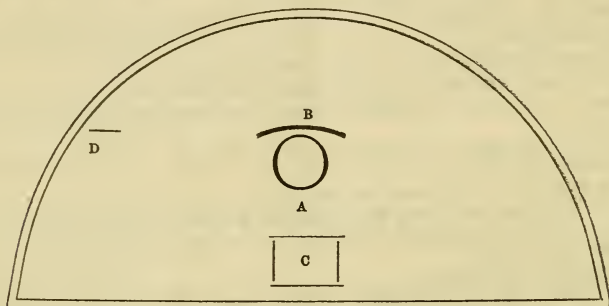
J. Well, then, I'm desp'rit. (*kisses her*) There!

T. (*being kissed*) Johnny! behave yourself, sir! (*after*) You old goose! you are learning at last!—that's what you should have done long ago, instead of begging so much. (*gives him a good hug and kiss*) There! [*run off L. 1*]

J. Gosh hang it! I have been a fool! (*at D. L.*) But I bet I'll make up for it arter this! [*Exit D. L.*]

DRAW OFF.

SCENE IV.—INTERIOR OF LANTERN, DANGER POINT LIGHT. *Full Stage. Night. Lightning and thunder at intervals. Entrance through trap, front C.*



A lamp. B reflector. C entrance trap. D Harry's place.

Enter HARRY, with valise, C. trap.

HAR. Well; this is a strange place to find myself in, on the evening of my arrival home! Yet everything seems to strengthen the impression made upon me by those two men. The place below untidy, and up here an unlighted lamp on such a night as this. (*lightning and nearer thunder*) All this, together with what they said, appears to indicate a secret influence over the man who placed them here—Raynham. It's just the night for my experiment. (*opens valise, takes off his own coat and proceeds to make up as Old Thornton.*) I've struck some queer old dressing rooms in one night stands, but I never had to make up on the top of a lighthouse before. Why, it's near enough to the sky to be a star's dressing room! Oh, well, that's appropriate—I'm going to play the star part in the little drama to be performed here. I don't know exactly how I shall proceed, but must be guided by circumstances. If I only succeed! Oh, if I only succeed! (*By this time he has made up, all except wig, which he takes in his hand.*) *Noise below.*

HAR. There they are! Now to be on my guard, and depend on Providence and justice.

*BILL and DICK talking below.**

B. (*half drunk*) Shut up, ye everlastin' wind-bag! I'll go myself—ye're drunk.

*Note—Passages in brackets to be omitted when electric light is not used, and Bill lights lamp as he says "Never mind! never mind!"

D. Now, look here, Bill, ole fell'r; wos use 'n a gen'l'm'n a-havin' fine feelinks, 'f you're goin' f'r to hurt 'em like this here?

B. (nearer) Aw, cheese it, [and attend to the machine] if you can, while I go up

HAR. (taking valise up R.) I'll go out on the gallery and watch my chance. (He opens section at D. Wind. Goes out and puts head in, listening.)

Enter BILL, partly up, trap C. Lightning.

B. I'll be hanged if I a'n't sick of the whole business! (gets right up) 'Squire Raynham can sit in his study and take his ease, (goes to L. of lamp) while I, Bill Forsitt, the 'squire's boss, must poke around and attend to a blessed old lighthouse lamp. Never mind! never mind! (winds clockwork)

HAR. (aside) I'm sure I'm on the right track.

[B. (calling) Here, how long are you goin' to be before you give us a light?]

[D. (below) Now it's comin'; look out!]

[B. Go ahead!]

[Lamp lights.]

The Lamp, which faces the audience at lighting, revolves slowly (reflector also) to Left and the following speech must be timed so that the light will be about at D at its end.

B. (L. C.) H'm! Just one year ago, to-night, since we got that bit o' paper out o' the house yonder, as put Raynham into our power; and if old Thornton had only kep' his self out o' the way, he might a-been alive now. (Wind) Durned ef ther' isn't a winder open! I must fix that. (crosses, between trap and lamp, to R.)

HARRY puts on wig quickly and steps forward, in lamp light. Position similar to that of Old Thornton in moonlight—page 7.

B. Ah! there it is again! Mercy! Mercy!

HARRY advances. BILL staggers backward to C. Crash of thunder. BILL shrieks and falls through C. trap. Lamp faces audience.

HAR. (kneels C.) Merciful Providence, have mercy on his soul!

SLOW CURTAIN.

AN INTERVAL OF ONE WEEK BETWEEN ACTS II. AND III.

ACT III.—THE CAPTURE.

Note.—If preferred, this scene may be omitted, and the Act begun with Scene 2.

SCENE I.—KITCHEN AT DANGER POINT HOUSE. Male and female servants busy preparing for the party.

Cook. Well, you bet I'll be glad when it's over. I was never so hard worked in my life; besides the fear that something 'll get spoiled. One comfort—we don't often have such fandangos here. Jack, where's that high toned nigger the swell sent along?

Jack. He's gone upstairs to dress.

C. Dress! Why he's got two hours yet.

J. He's a-goin' out to see the village.

C. Well, that's cool! Wants to show his style, I suppose.

J. Here he comes; ask him.

Enter HARRY—as DANDY DARKY—L. U. E.

C. My! You're fixed up; a'n't you?

HAR. Who? I? Why, no! I didn't bring my best clothes along, so I'll have to make out with these.

C. What a pity! Where are you going?

HAR. Oh, just to take a look about. Say, are there any pretty girls around here?

C. Plenty. But, you see—

HAR. Oh, you don't understand me. I mean extra-condensed brunettes—something of my own style of beauty.

C. Why, I guess you'll find some. But I'm afraid you'll drive 'em crazy.

HAR. Guess you're right. I'm a masher, I am. When I give 'em a serenade, that settles it!

C. Serenade! Why, you can't sing—can he?

Omnes. No, no.

HAR. I can't, eh? Well, get onto this.

NEAT COLORED SPECIALTIES.

All stand around and applaud. At end an alarm given, and all rush to work.

Enter Housekeeper, R. U. E., comes half down C.

H. Come, come; there's too much noise down here. There's no time now for singing and cutting up.

HAR. (down R.) Big pardon, ma'am; I was doing the singing, to amuse our friends here.

H. It doesn't matter; they can't work and attend to monkey-shines at the same time.

HAR. Monkey-shines? I said, singing.

H. Well, it's all the same.

HAR. Excuse me; I don't think there are many monkey-shines when you're out of the way. [*General Titter*]

H. H'm! Thank heaven, I don't understand negro vulgarity. Now, everyone run upstairs and lend a hand. [*Servants and Housekeeper Exeunt R. U. E.*]

HAR. (natural voice) Safe again. I've fixed everything in the room upstairs ready for to-night's last stroke. (cross L.) Now for victory! Victory and Harriet Thornton! [*Exit L. 1.*]

CLOSE IN.

SCENE II.—*Horizon Flats in 2. Low set rocks against flats, for shore. Set door (for entrance to lighthouse), well on, across L. 2 E. Evening.*

Enter TILLY and JOHNNY, R. 1.

T. Yes; but still I can't help fearing something may go wrong. (C.)

J. Why, how can anythin' go wrong with such a clever gentleman as Mr. Harry a-bunnin' of it? (R. C.)

T. Well, Bill might change his mind at the last moment.

J. No fear; Bill a'n't no woman.

T. Johnny, you're getting too smart for anything.

J. Why, I can't help that; it's bein' in *your* company so much as does it.

T. Oh, is it? Well, we can soon alter that.

J. Yes; we can—but we won't. Say, Tilly, if everthing goes right, you'll—

T. (seeing door open) Hush! Here's Dick.

Enter DICK, at door L. 2.

T. Good evening, Mr. Cowler.

D. (at door) Good evenin'. Hang me ef I a'n't overcome with emotion at the sight o' you two lovely young critcheers!

J. Candy.

T. How is Mr. Forsitt?

D. Precious low, indeed. Pears to me as my poor old pard's werry high played his last card.

T. Do you think he'll keep his promise about to-night?

D. Certain sure; ef he's got a breath left in him.

T. Well, he's a generous fellow, after all.

D. Generous! Why, him and me's the two most generousesst cusses in this here country at the present date.

J. Oh, we don't doubt that, Dick.

D. Well, now, look here: (comes down L.) I don't b'lieve you two's as simple as ye look.

T. Simple! I hope I don't look like a simpleton!

J. I'm sure I don't.

D. Well, we won't say nothin' about that. But what do ye mean a-talkin' 'bout my pardner's kindness?

T. Why, I think he'll be *very* kind if he does this, considering the state he's in.

J. Of course; so do I.

D. Ah, stuff! Me an' Bill a'n't obligin' no one by what we does to-night. We're jest a-goin' in for a all-fired big revenge, to satisfy *ourselves*—that's all about it.

J. I wonder if Bill 'ud like to see us?

D. Not much, he wouldn't. Bill a'n't a-standin' in need o' no sympathy, and we can take care of ourselves. Now, don't you two think as I'm rough with ye, 'cause I don't mean to be, by no means, but we has our own ways, ye see.

J. Course, Dick; that's all right.

T. Has 'Squire Raynham been here yet?

D. Well, I should think he had! He's been a-spendin' the biggest part of his time hereabouts; but he don't get to see Bill, though—not quite. (*indicates R. 2*) Yonder he comes now.

T. Does he? Then we'll go. (*going L. 1*) Come along, Johnny.

J. All right. So long, Dick.

[*Exeunt T. and J. L. 1 E*]

D. 'Twouldn't ha' done no good to tell 'em my pardner's gone back on me. Jest because he's hurt he finds out he's got a conscience, and ups an' tells the hull story! Ef he dies I s'pose they'll hang me; an' I can't light out nuther. Here comes the man as never had no conscience. (*goes to door L.*)

Enter RAYNHAM, gloomily, R. 2.

R. Well?

D. Well?

R. How's your partner?

D. Which one?

R. Come, come; this is played out.

D. You're right—it is!

R. Is Bill better or worse?

D. Worse, a blamed sight.

R. Then I must see him.

D. Then you won't see him.

R. Tut! this is infernal nonsense! Can't you see that, if he's dying, it will be best to get him to sign a paper taking the whole of that affair of a year ago on his own shoulders and clearing you?

D. Clearing me! And how about yourself?

R. Fool! I am safe enough. Now don't you think it best I should see him?

D. No, I don't! Your sudden interest in my welfare is trooly affectin'; but it don't *quite* make me forgit the trouble you've took to perwent me a-runnin' away,—considerin' how puffylicky safe you are.

R. Now, see here—

D. It's no use a-argyin'. Ye a'n't a-goin' to see him now, and that settles it.

R. Well, I can't waste the time to-night, but to-morrow I'll see him by means of a search warrant. (*going R. 2*) In the meantime, I'll keep you in sight. [*Exit*]

D. To-morrow! To-night's to come first—and it's high here, too. [*Exit door L*]

CLOSE IN.

SCENE III.—*Same as Scene 2, Act I. Lights. Reception party. Guests standing and sitting around, conversing. HARRIET and TILLY seated down L.*

T. I'm so glad to find you here, Miss Thornton.

H. I would prefer to be away; but my anxiety to hear of Harry prevailed.

T. Well, don't forget, Miss that you are to wait till Mr. Pursful is ready to tell.

H. I will do as Harry wishes; but I am so excited!

T. Oh, but you mustn't let it be seen! I get excited myself sometimes, but I never let Johnny know it.

Enter Man, C. D., announcing.

M. Mr. Arthur Pursful and Mr. Raynham.

[*retires*]

Enter HARRY—as ARTHUR PURSFUL (*Swell*)—and RAYNHAM, C. D.

HAR. Aw, good evening, ladies and gentlemen, aw!

Guests rise, bow, and some are introduced.

R. (*down R. C. to HAR. C.*) Allow me to introduce you to Miss Thornton. Miss Thornton—Mr. Pursful.

HARRIET rises and bows.

HAR. Aw, most happy, I assuah you. Perfectly chawmed, you know.

H. It gives me great pleasure to meet the son of my father's old friend, sir.

HAR. Eh? Why, weally, aw; pahdon me—youah fathaw?

H. I always call Mr. Thornton my father.

HAR. Indeed? Deah me! this is vewy singulah! Excuse me. (*goes R.*) Aw, Raynham, my boy. (*They sit R. and converse*) *Guests converse.*

H. (*sits. to T.*) What a strange creature!

T. Oh, but what a stylish gentleman!

H. If he was not Harry's friend I should think very little of him.

HAR. Is that all right?

R. Certainly. Do just as you please.

Note.—Harry speaks all the remainder of this scene with swell affectation until the dénouement at the direction "natural voice."

HAR. (*comes C.*) Miss Thornton—ladies and gentlemen: in the part I come from we invented a delightful method of overcoming formality at evening parties. We founded a society to compel everyone to sing a song and tell a story after being introduced to the company. With your permission I will conform to the rules of that society, of which I have the honor to be the president.

Omnes. Good idea. The song, by all means. *etc.*

HAR. With pleasure.

SWELL SPECIALTIFS.

H. Why, Mr. Pursful, you are quite a vocalist.

HAR. Ah, you flatter!

R. Now we'll see whether you can tell a story as well as you can sing.

HAR. Aw, I'll try to interest you, at all events.

Guests sit R. and L., leaving C. clear right up.

HAR. As we came up here this evening I noticed a lighthouse near, and that reminded me of a little romance I heard in the part I came from. But there is one thing I must say first. Some persons, at the beginning, think this is going to be a tragedy, and others a comedy. Some laugh too soon, and others miss the place where the smile is situated. Now, I want to tell you that the point is right at the end of my story, and I hope you'll watch for it.

R. Oh, we'll look out for the point.

HAR. That's right, Raynham, do; and I want you to lead the laugh when we get to it.

R. That I will.

HAR. Very well, then. You see, in the part I came from there was an old mansion, situated near a lighthouse, just as this is; and a long time ago the owner of the mansion died, and the property was taken possession of by a swindling stranger. This rather surprised the relations, and one of them—a regular wild, good-for-nothing fellow—got it into his head that there *had* been another will, which was stolen and hidden in the lighthouse or somewhere.

R. (*uneasily*) Pshaw! Absurd!

HAR. Eh?

R. It's a mass of improbabilities.

HAR. There; that's always the way! Why don't you wait till you hear it all?

Omnes. Yes, yes; finish it. *etc.*

R. Go on; excuse me.

HAR. Well, this fool of a fellow went poking around and getting information, until he stupidly thought he was a very wise person. So, one evening he goes to the mansion, stands before the swindling stranger, and said (*facing RAYN.*), "You are a thief and a murderer." And what do you suppose he replied?

R. I should think he'd say, "You are mad. Where is your proof?"

HAR. Exactly; that's what he *did* say. Now, look out for the point. Our hero goes half way up the room (*action*) and shouts (*natural voice*) Come in, there!

Enter LERDER and JOHNNY carrying BILL on a bed, C. D., come L. C. half down.

B. (*to HAR.*) Here they are: my confession in full and the lost will.

R. This is all very nice and theatrical, but who are *you*?

HAR. (*takes off wig or whiskers*) Your tate!

Omnes. Harry Burleigh!

H. (*runs and embraces him*) My Harry!

R. (*down R.*) Trick for trick! (*pulls pistol.*)

At this moment enter DICK quickly, C. D., runs down R. C., calling, Where is he?

As RAYN. shoots at HAR., DICK is just between and receives the shot. LER. and J. secure RAYN.

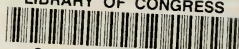
D. Ha! you villain! I shall die with my pardner Bill; that dissolves the firm, and *you'll* die with a whole gallows to yourself. You always did want the whole of everythin'.

A guest opens window.

HAR. Take them away, my friends. (*takes HARRIET up C. in light from window*) Henceforth right and peace shall reign beneath the rays of Danger Point Light!

CURTAIN.

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